THE COMMONWEAL

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"BEFORE SNOW FLIES"

AS GENERAL JOHNSON said in his Labor Day address at Chicago, the tremendous efforts put forth to launch the National Recovery Act reached on that day a highly important objective, but only one of many vital objectives which are absolutely necessary to reach before it can be determined whether or not the plan is to succeed. The first objective was to enrol the majority of the employers of the country under the provisions of the recovery act. This has been accomplished, not perfectly, but nearly completely. A survey of the situation, so the General reported to his millions of listeners-in, indicated that most of the industries and trades have submitted codes which are either in process of or are awaiting official hearing. Reports from the chief cities show that practically all employers have signed the agreement with the President. As to the numbers of workers restored to earning capacity, the only figures available are those reported by the Federation of Labor, which indicate that about two million men and women have gone back to work.

"There have been so many disappointed prophecies in the past four years," said General Johnson, "that we early decided not to indulge in the habit. . . . The real test will come in the next few weeks. I don't know what it will show, but that is because I cannot be absolutely certain what everybody in this country will do, but one thing I do know beyond any peradventure of a doubt—that is, if everybody in this country will do his part under the Blue Eagle; that is, if every employer will live up to the code or agreement under which he got the Blue Eagle—if every consumer will 'buy under the Blue Eagle,' and buy generously, and buy now to the full of his prudent needs, American business and reëmployment will show the biggest spurt it has known for years and we shall be on our way out of this depression before snow flies."

This statement, it seems fair to say, must be distinguished from what General Johnson terms "prophecies," in which he does not mean to indulge, and should be regarded as his logical deduction from the facts of the situation he confronts. But whether or not the General intended to do so, his use of that simple phrase, "before snow flies" gave to his statement an atmosphere

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of grim, almost sinister meaning. For the shadow of the oncoming winter darkens that doubt which even the director of the recovery plan frankly shows—the doubt as to whether the plan is to succeed. What if it does not succeed? Suppose the stream of workers returning to mills and mines and shops and stores and offices slackens, or at least does not increase to that great volume necessary to the restoration of a public buying power sufficient to sustain the nation's economic life? What then? The National Recovery Act cannot simply be scrapped overnight, and a quick return be made to the former system. For one reason, the new deal has most profoundly rearranged the vast mechanism of industry, farming, trade, banking, business in general. A sudden restoration of the former system would be impossible. Moreover, it was precisely the failure of that former system which plunged the nation into catastrophe. So far as we are able to judge, nothing but a second, and a worse, catastrophe can be expected in case of the failure of the recovery act.

For it should be remembered that even should two or three millions more of the unemployed be put back to work before snow flies—which would indeed be proof of the continuing, if slow, progress toward success of the new deal—there would still remain some six to eight millions of unemployed who must be supported through the coming winter. And with them, their families—at least twenty to thirty millions of souls. Difficult as this task inevitably must be, even if there is no serious interruption of the recovery movement, such an interruption, to say nothing about the possible failure of the plan, would cause nothing less than a national disaster.

Even now, the condition of millions of Americans, including hundreds of thousands belonging to classes hitherto immune from acute distress is little short of desperate. A welfare worker recently wrote to the New York *Herald Tribune* that she "could state positively that thousands in New York City are slowly starving, not only in the slums, but among the better classes uptown." Commenting upon newspaper reports that the State of New York had recently ended the giving of relief aid to 30,000 families, which announcement had been hailed as a sign of better times, this welfare worker, Helen S. Rogers, states that the closing out of these 30,000 cases (each case a family), and the reduction of charity lists in general, had been done "in spite of the protests of the cases, very few of whom have gotten jobs, and despite the efforts of the welfare workers in their behalf." Similar statements, by those really acquainted with the misery of the multitudes of hapless victims of the crisis, could be given from nearly all parts of the land. Harry L. Hopkins, director of the Federal Relief Administration, whose statistics show that more than 250,000 families were dropped from public lists throughout the nation during July, stated in his report that in many localities relief is being doled out on a starvation basis.

"Before snow flies," we repeat, there needs to be a vast quickening of all efforts to make the recovery act really effective. It will be glorious indeed if coöperation can be relied upon all the way through. But if coöperation falters, let sterner measures promptly be used. Let the teeth in the laws be bared, not in mere threat, but in action. The failure of the NRA must at all costs be averted. For if it does fail, our state will be greatly worse than at present.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHEN in the same cathedral where he had been consecrated, years ago, the body of Bishop Dunn reposed upon a catafalque, while the Cardinal of the vast Archdiocese of New York, whom he had served so faithfully as auxiliary bishop, celebrated the requiem Mass, a scene in the never-ending history of the Catholic Church was enacted as it has been countless times before, yet with a poignancy that never fails, and in which the deepest essentials of Christianity are revealed. The human sorrow of the dead man's family and friends—and his friends were uncountable—need only be mentioned; it cannot, in this case, as in any other instance of death, be commented upon, save in the most sparing of terms. The sanctification of that sorrow, through the fruits of the Holy Sacrifice, offered for the repose of the soul of the priest who so often had offered up that Sacrifice for other souls, both of the living and the dead, however, marks that point where private and personal griefs and trials pass into the condition which is the very heart of the Catholic religion—the corporate sharing of such sorrows, and their transmutation into spiritual gains. The press of New York laid before their readers adequate accounts of the great public services, as a citizen as well as a churchman, of Bishop Dunn. And it well described the impressive ritual of the requiem. To a Catholic, however, what comes to mind is the fact that one more of that line of apostles who are the successors, directly and by Divine institution, of those Apostles to whom Christ entrusted the governance of His Church to the end of time, had laid down his pastoral staff—or, rather, had passed it on to some successor. That which is the central truth of the mystery of this world and its human drama, the Incarnation of God, and the doing of the work of God by His sacred hierarchy, was once more emphasized as his fellow bishops blessed the dead body of this apostle, to whom his apostolate had always been the true meaning of his busy and fruitful life.

One of the Apostles

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NEWS that Stalin, not satisfied with the non-aggression pacts which he has negotiated with his western neighbors, is now seeking a military alliance with Marshal Pilsudski of Poland against the eventuality of war with Germany, is another chapter to the story of the defensive alliances which Chancellor Hitler has ringed around his country. For his saber rattling has been the occasion for these alliances. Last week we told of the bloc with Austria and Hungary and possibly Rumania which Premier Mussolini has successfully promoted with the aid of the Hitler menace. Subsequently we were informed of the Belgian government's huge appropriations to expedite the completion of the fortresses Belgium has been erecting on her German border. Premier Daladier's recent formal inspection of the French fortresses on the German front emphasized another link of the iron chain being drawn around Germany. Each link is a country which may be pictured as a single fort with its guns trained on the central European nation. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that Chancellor Hitler at the Nazi's field day at Nuremberg disavowed that the German National Socialists sought war. Yet while his storm troopers and youth brigades marched and counter-marched, Germany's isolation progressed. Ultimately the latter will be more vitally important to the German people than flags and parades. As a means of averting isolation, Hitler's methods so far have had nowise the efficacy of former Chancellor Bruening's conciliation and tireless endeavor for the amelioration of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and the improvement of the lot of Germany's masses.

Rings around Hitler

THE OPEN-SHOP guerilla war between capital and labor, which has been raging for years, with the wasteful and disastrous effects of all warfare, has now been brought out of the bushes by the NRA. It is being fought in the open on an extensive front, and Mr. Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, apparently is assuming the rôle of the Foch of the allied forces of the employers. The arguments for and against the large national unions, on the one hand, and the individual shop unions, or vertical unions, on the other, are legion. In the present instance we believe the important thing is that the probabilities are all in favor of the national unions. Actually they favor the American Federation of Labor. The weakness of the position of the die-hard old guard of employers, who are holding out for the shop unions, lies in the fact which even they appreciate, that labor represents the preponderant number of their customers. And labor almost without exception prefers the solidarity of a national union rather than the small shop union where individual responsibility, visibility and vulnerability are the same as if there were no union at all. This is identical with saying that the American public preponderantly favors the national union. In an enlightened democracy, and ours is a fairly enlightened one, this means a superior force politically. The number of friends at court which organized labor has at this critical time is significant in this connection. Under our new economics in which it is recognized that mass buying power, rather than class, is the major source of income to business, organized labor's superiority in numbers is most potent. The farmers in the present equation may be considered in a position of benevolent neutrality. The greater number no doubt feel a closer kinship to the laboring man than they do to the employer. This feeling of benevolence, however, would quickly change if labor swelling with power misused it. As we stated at the outset, we have not sought to discuss the theory of the open-shop issue, but the unbalance of forces in the immediate struggle. Realistically, morals will determine the happy or tragic outcome as they do in every issue, great or small. Labor may err through greed or laziness or pride just as much as any dominant individuals or party in history may so err.

A. F. of L. and NRA

THE ARGUMENTS for reëstablishing the whipping-post here for criminals are not hard to assemble—and the letter-writing public, incidentally, has been busy assembling them ever since ex-Commissioner Mulrooney advocated giving felons a taste of the "cat." It seems established by experience that this punishment works. Either the pain or the shame attached to it acts as a strong deterrent to both incipient and hardened criminals. Both in England, where it has evidently never been abolished, and in other countries where it was revived to deal with some crisis of crime—the case of the Sydney harbor racketeers comes to mind—there are testimonials to its efficacy. We realize, therefore, that we risk the charge of sentimentality in voicing our doubt that, for our country, it would be worth the price that must be paid for it. We voice the doubt with added reluctance because it involves a tentative disagreement with Mr. Mulrooney, for whose social judgments we have sound respect. But we feel that the arguments against the whipping-post are powerful in the psychology of our people, and that they should at least be carefully studied before an enabling law is framed. As we understand the national mind, it has a repugnance to all forms of legal torture; and that as much out of regard for the torturer as regard for the tortured.

The Whipping-post

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THIS may be the contribution of doctrinaire democracy to the theory of punishment: that it refuses to make one of its citizens an official degrader. In any event, the repugnance seems to us clearly *there,* and to be reckoned with. It is at least misleading and dangerous, if not useless, to argue from the practices of other peoples. Other peoples are not Americans. It is not a question of their being more or less civilized, or more or less anything, but of their being different: as parallel columns noting the wide range of contrasting legal and penal traditions would show. It is even more misleading and dangerous to argue from our own anomalies, our own actual lynchings and third-degree and prison tortures. No people lives its philosophy perfectly; but so long as it is a vigorous national entity, it is actually struggling to do so, in spite of anomalies, and he who disregards that philosophy as a mere "legal figment" usually finds himself involved in the consequences of a serious mistake. We deeply doubt that public opinion here would support licensed, open flogging, which would identify the public with the flogger. We greatly fear that the law either would be a flat failure, which is bad, or, which is even worse, would operate to relegate the punishment to those secret places where already too much arbitrary power is exercised over men's bodies, and where that power would now be legally strengthened.

Surprises in Sports

TWO OF those reversals which keep the world of sports going by varying the monotonous preeminence of this or that championship figure, were recently recorded in polo and tennis. The element of surprise in the defeat of East by West in the intersectional polo matches in Chicago, comes partly from the fact that the East was the importer of polo here, and in a real sense the inventor of the characteristically fast and violent American version of it; and partly from the fact that the Eastern team was led by Thomas Hitchcock, jr. This young colossus of the game has been, particularly since the retirement of "The Thunderer," the great Devereux Milburn, the leading player of the world; it need not detract from the West's brilliant play in the recent matches to report that he was very badly hurt in the second game of the series. The West's victory registers the fact that American polo is no longer a social monopoly. Colleges, army troops and small clubs everywhere have been at it, and first-rate men can now be recruited from the country at large. The Californian Eric Pedley and the Texan Cecil Smith, star of the Chicago games, both belong on the game's roster of great names.

THE RAMIFICATIONS of the tennis upset are unfortunately less pleasant. Mrs. Helen Wills Moody defaulted to Miss Helen Jacobs, a persistent and increasingly formidable rival, during their play for the national women's title. Mrs. Moody's statement is that an injury to her back caused her to stop playing. There is apparently medical testimony to support her, and one cannot, besides, see why she has not earned the right to be believed by the long years of fighting which made and kept her one of the supreme sportswomen of the world. However, talk has inevitably arisen about "temperament" and "impending defeat." It is too bad, of course, that Miss Jacobs, who was leading, did not obtain a clear victory. But the tendency to view defaulting in sport, for whatever reason, as if it were like matricide or treason, indicates a fanatical and misplaced seriousness. Any player is justified in refusing to go on with a game that will cost him his health. Mr. Hitchcock, who did not default in Chicago, has a twisted leg and a concussion which will invalid him at least for the rest of the season.

While the Bell Rings

THIS is the season of school-opening. The littlest students are starting the long trek through the accumulated facts and wisdom of the centuries. New friendships are being made by students at boarding and day schools and older ones renewed. Freshmen at college, the high hurdles of the college entrance exams at last behind them, are rounding into the last stretch of the semi-circular paths of knowledge before they shall be let out into the straight-away of life. Fathers and mothers are in the background hoping and, many of them, making sacrifices. Some of them, in fact, are being forced to the bitterly hard necessity of curtailing the scholastic ambitions of sons and daughters because of inelastic funds. Teachers are facing new classes and wondering not only how the students are going to get along but also how they themselves are. The inabilities, the defeats, of students are no less defeats for the teachers unable to impart their teaching. There will be bullyings and misunderstandings as well as friendships and the quick intuitive appreciations for the vistas of learning that distinguish the rare student happy in his opportunity to study. Some are being taught godlessness and an almost all-embracing scepticism. This teaching often masquerades as the search for truth. As a matter of fact, it is far more solicitous of the negations of belief and the works of great sceptics than it is of a fair balance of consideration. Others are learning of the proofs of the existence of God and of the lives of the saints who are themselves pertinent proof. These last will live in an ordered universe in which even suffering makes sense, love must be fair and happiness not selfish. They, we believe, will have the better part.

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CRUSADERS OF ST. DOMINIC

ONE OF the legends which are told of two great saints, around both of whom legends have gathered, relates that when Saint Dominic and Saint Francis met for the first time in Rome, they embraced at once, each recognizing the other in the illumination of their mutual sanctity. Founders of two of the great religious orders in the Church, very different in many vital respects, each one knew that in spite of all differences in spirit and in method, their orders, and they themselves, were united by a bond stronger than all differences —the bond of the Catholic Church. All that they or their orders were, and all that they tried to do, had in common this one great thing: utter loyalty, complete devotion, to the mother of the almost innumerable and ever-various religious orders, congregations, societies and associations which have carried on—and today still carry on—the work of that mother, the Church. We are reminded of that wonderful fact once more by the encyclical letter of the Master General of the Dominicans to his Third Order.

We are also reminded of another fact often forgotten even by those who know its truth, but whose minds (and hearts) become overclouded by the stress and storm of these agitating latter days. We are alluding to the fact that the most significant and important happenings in the world of Catholicism are often those which go on quietly, under the surface, so to speak, of the foaming and tossing waters of contemporary events, yet setting mighty currents of force into operation which prove to be more potent than the swirling tumult of the wind-tossed waters above them. At a time when Catholics, like all others, are struggling both personally, and in a corporative sense, with the immediate and pressing problems of the universal social crisis they are particularly in danger of losing sight of what may be termed the long-range policy of the Church. Yet it is really only through the coöperation of their immediate efforts to deal with all such problems with the long-range efforts of the Church that the immediate problems can be adequately handled. For the Church is to go on working, despite all the turmoils of time, unto the end of time. For two thousand years the program has been followed which was laid down by her Founder. When the children of the Church depart from any part of that program they suffer for it, even as the children of the world suffer through constant rebellion.

The letter of the Master General of the Dominicans recalls not only the members of his Third Order, but all Catholics everywhere, to a reconsideration of that unchanging, yet ever adaptable, program of the Church. The particular experience of the Dominicans, gathered in no fewer than seven centuries of unceasing labor, is drawn upon in this memorable message. Nobody can doubt that there is a distinctive quality to that experience. It is different from that of the Benedictines, of the Franciscans, of the Jesuits, of that of any other order or congregation in the Church; yet how fundamentally identical is its guiding and dominating ideal, the very first paragraph of the Master General's letter makes clear.

"Saint Dominic," Father Gillet writes, "divinely inspired, chose to establish his convents in towns. He did not intend his houses to be merely centers of religious life and prayer, similar to the monasteries that had preceded them, beacon-lights of holiness, as it were, for reminding Christians that perfection is the ideal toward which all must aspire. He meant his convents to be like military strongholds, too, whence soldiers of the Faith should issue forth to make a peaceful conquest of the world. The ideal of Saint Dominic, as it is expressed in the Third Order, aims at infusing into the very stuff of the world the leaven of that perfection which alone can render souls pleasing to God."

Members of the Third Order of St. Dominic, like members of other third orders attached to other great religious groups, are those men and women who live and labor in the world yet take upon themselves definite obligations and duties which really and literally attach them to the order of their choice. The Third Order, to quote Father Gillet in reference to the Dominicans, but his words apply to all Third Orders, "is a state of life in which seculars (that is to say, men and women not bound by vow to full and complete membership in a religious society)—whether they be priests or laymen—strive through vocation and until death, but without leaving the world, to attain to Christian perfection in their whole life and in all their actions, according to the spirit and under the direction of the Order of St. Dominic."

How these men and women must live the apostolic life, in their family circles, in parish and diocesan activities, in social life, ranging from the humblest and most anonymous type of activities, to the peaks of the high intellectual action of which Saint Thomas, the glory of Dominicanism, is the pioneer, is laid down lucidly and most beautifully by the Master General. And they are summoned to a General Congress, to be held in Rome, from February 8 to 11, 1934. All this, we believe, is a vital part of that vast interior work within the Church which is preparing Catholics everywhere for that universal Catholic Action inaugurated by Pope Pius XI. As we have said before—and take every opportunity to repeat—that action cannot be truly Catholic unless it is guided and inspired by that zeal for the Faith which only spiritual lives can enkindle and maintain. The great Dominican crusade of the Third Order is an example of this true type of Catholic Action.

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A QUARANTINE FOR GRAFT

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

In this account of the safeguards with which the administration at Washington is seeking to protect the expenditure of billions of dollars for public works, the basic cause of the national crisis—human greed—is clearly revealed as the greatest danger in the path of our attempted recovery. Political and commercial graft and corruption can, however, be more plainly seen at work in the case of huge public contracts than in the normal operations of our economic system. Hence the importance of the subject.—The Editors.

INVESTED by Congress with powers greater by far than have been given to any American President in peace time, Franklin D. Roosevelt, to prime the pump of industry, and to speed his employment and recovery programs, has likewise been given, through his administrators, the dispensing of close to $4,000,000,000 of public funds. The sums at his disposal are so vast, so many and so varied are the items that make up the total authorization, the contract seekers are so avid for a share, which will enable them to join in the refrain, "We are in the money now," that only meticulous care will save the Roosevelt administration from later charges of graft and corruption in the expenditure of these billions, with their resulting scandals and embarrassments. Even with honest men all along the line, it will not be easy to plug up every hole through which the hand of the grafter may reach into the Federal Treasury.

As the recovery machine gathers momentum, as the federal government brings into play the full measure of its strength behind the reëmployment program speed necessarily is a paramount consideration, for the emergency demanded quick action. Yet speed carries with it a potential risk, a hazard that in the pell-mell scramble for public works and other funds, money will go to projects of little if any intrinsic merit, and that the unscrupulous will take advantage of the situation to secure contracts by political pressure if not actual corruption.

From the Revolution to the Great War, graft and profiteering have provided a sordid chapter to the history of each and all our wars. During periods of national stress public funds are voted on a scale and with a generosity, that are all but a direct invitation to the grafter and the profiteer. No foreign foe has sounded the bugle for a national mobilization; yet the marshaling of our resources proceeds with war-time proportions. Here in Washington where the new federal agencies work overtime in the fierce determination to put the country back squarely on the road to prosperity by autumn the tempo and the psychology are those of war. And it was in the mood of war again, that the special session of the Seventy-third Congress voted the $4,000,000,000 which are now being spent by the Roosevelt administrators as part of the national recovery campaign.

If they are on the alert, the administration chiefs will see warning buoys in three directions. There is the danger first of actual graft and corruption in the expenditure of these billions, or in the making of the contracts. Marked as it so often has been with the plundering of the Tweeds and other rings, the history of municipal government in the United States offers small comfort to the taxpayer who reads it. The record of the federal government has been far better, and the average federal official today is reasonably honest. These are not normal times, however, and the federal government will spend, under pressure for quick results, sums vastly larger than it spends for construction and public works in a normal year. The chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and human nature is the same in the government service as it is outside.

A federal contract invariably is an inviting prize; and those who determine how the contracts are to be awarded and how the money from the Treasury is to be distributed, must, like Caesar's wife, be beyond reproach. That federal officials are fully aware of the perils which compass them about is evidenced in the fact that Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior and head of the Public Works Administration, has organized a special investigation service under Louis R. Glavis, whose job it will be to keep the grafters and corruptionists out of the picture as the Public Works Board distributes the $3,300,000,000 that Congress has voted as part of the reëmployment program.

There is a risk, again, that local politicians will try, through the devious methods that have too often proved successful in the past, to throw contracts to their friends, and those who later may confer on them political and other favors. Political "influence," as every Washington observer knows, is exerted in various ways often taking an insidious form that is all but impossible to detect. The alliance between politicians and contractors has long cast a shadow over American cities. Here again, the Roosevelt administration has sought to protect the fair name of the federal government by insisting that its representatives have charge, in the state and regions, of the actual distribution of funds from the national Treasury. These precautions are both wise, and necessary,

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but even with them, human nature being what it is, an element of risk will remain.

A third danger, and one even more difficult to guard against, is the apparent disposition of the Democratic chiefs in Washington to let the spoilsmen staff the personnel of the new federal agencies. With engaging frankness, Postmaster General James Farley has made it clear that he intends, where possible through the federal service, to reward deserving Democrats for their preconvention fidelity to Franklin D. Roosevelt by appointing them to federal positions not in the professional civil service. Secretary Ickes, with equal candor, has made it clear, so far as he is concerned, that politics will have nothing to do with the Public Works Administration, which will soon have 2,500 employees in Washington alone. General Hugh A. Johnson, administrator of the National Recovery Act, steering a middle course, has stated to the newspaper correspondents that while he did not know the politics of some of the men he has chosen as his assistants, other things being equal, he would prefer that a Democrat get the break rather than a Republican. Meanwhile, Democratic politicians throughout the country are demanding jobs and patronage for their friends and followers, and not in our day has the pressure on the federal patronage dispensers been so heavy and relentless as it has been this summer. Complaints have been made that the federal patronage chiefs have had a big hand in dictating appointments to the Civilian Construction Corps, which employs more than 20,000 civilians, to the Federal Home Loan Bank system, to the National Recovery Administration, and other of the federal agencies which were created, not to provide jobs for Democrats, but to carry out for the American people as a whole the recovery program of the President.

A "political" appointee may often be the best qualified man for the job. Oftentimes he is not, and if the new agencies become too heavily charged with politics, if their personnel are selected mainly because they have endorsements of Democratic senators and congressmen, and state and local leaders, a reaction is almost sure to set in that will impair the usefulness of these agencies, and create in the public at large an impression that they are merely refuges for jobless politicians.

These are some of the dangers against which the Roosevelt administration must prepare itself. Teapot Dome, one of the major scandals in our political history, had no visible effect on the fortunes of the Republican party at the time, and Democratic strategists had small success in making a political issue out of the transfer by the government of the oil reserves. The country was then prosperous, too prosperous to turn against the party in power because some of those high placed in the national administration failed to live up to the motto, "Public office is a public trust." The conscience of individuals was shocked, but the post-war boom carried the Republican party through the storms of the oil scandals.

Now the Democrats, who defended the public interest through their searching investigation of the circumstances which surrounded the oil leases, have come into power, armed with a mandate that gives them practically unchallenged authority, for the moment, over the affairs of the American people. They have taken command in Washington, not at a period of boom times, and huge Treasury surpluses, but a period bordering on national insolvency and economic disintegration. Having attacked so fiercely and forcefully Republicans formerly in high office, having pointed the finger of condemnation toward the corruption that was alleged to have existed under former Republican administrations, they must set for themselves, in fulfilling their public trust, standards of integrity under which such scandals as Teapot Dome will have no place. The party that held the late Thomas J. Walsh of Montana in so great esteem, and which honored him so signally, can accept no standards of integrity other than the highest.

Nor are the dangers merely hypothetical. They have a direct and practical bearing on the fortunes of Mr. Roosevelt and his administration. The Republican opposition, which coöperated with the Democrats in fairly acceptable fashion during the special session of Congress, in enacting much of the recovery program, has already begun to place the Roosevelt administrators, and their methods, under the microscope. As a minority, charged with the duty of providing a check on the party in power, the Republicans will be ready, when Congress assembles again, to insist on a full and complete audit of the books of the administration. If a suspicion of graft proves to have a basis in the facts, if the alliance between the politician and the contractor casts a shadow over the federal government, if the new agencies are increasingly turned over to spoilsmen, the opposition may find the issue which at this writing is conspicuously lacking to them.

The primaries of 1934 are but nine months away. In virtual retirement in their dugouts since March 4, Republicans of necessity must soon take their places on the firing line, prepared to attack such weak spots as they may see in the enemy's lines. If evidences of graft and corruption can be found in administering the gigantic recovery program, and in the expenditures of the billions of dollars that go with it, it cannot be supposed that the Republicans will deal with the situation more charitably than the Democrats dealt with the oil leases, and with other scandals of the Harding administration.

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TROOPERS OF THE FOG

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS had blown the breath of life into Camp Pike, an army cantonment long dead. Acres of brown tents had arisen as if by magic. Company streets that had resounded to the more or less deft cadence of marching feet as of 1918, were busy again. Company bulletin boards were duly posted with mimeographed orders. Shady sides of stuccoed mess halls held languishing bevies of potato peelers and K. P.'s.

I reported at headquarters of the 748th Company, C. C. C. The supervising major spat out the mangled stub of his cigar and grinned.

"Lieutenant, I want you to watch out for the poison ivy. They say the President is figuring on having poison ivy planted in the six states that voted for Hoover. You might be sent to one of those states."

The military memory was functioning.

"Five years ago at the Perry rifle range, you got messed up with poison ivy and borrowed my last pint of liquor to use as rubbing lotion—according to you. Don't let that happen again. And another thing. Try to forget you're in the army. The C. C. C. is *not* military."

"Neither am I."

"You're telling me?"

The Corps was arriving. A toiling caravan of mail trucks and army trucks, augmented by private freight trucks and moving vans, was crammed to the maws with a brand new crop of Robin Hoods. The foresters à la Roosevelt were having a wonderful time. They waved, laughed, sang and wisecracked. My first impression was one of astonishment at their youthfulness. The prescribed age is eighteen to twenty-five. But the odds are in favor of eighteen. The average is barely twenty.

Further up the street a quarter-mile line of them were waiting to be "processed," to stand the regulation army physical examination, to draw smallpox vaccination and the first of three typhoid "shots." That done, they waited in double line to draw bedding and tent assignments.

A harassed-looking captain was speaking to such a group. A sweating and sympathetic sergeant stood close at his side.

"I am Captain Murphy. This is Sergeant Smith. I am commander of this company. He is company sergeant. You will call me Captain Murphy—he's Sergeant Smith. We are soldiers. You aren't. You don't have to salute me, but you do have to stand on both feet and spit out your gum when you speak to me. . . . You're going to get fair hours, fair food and fair treatment. . . . I don't want to hear any belly-aching."

The introduction finished, I joined in filing entrance records. An hour of routine questioning convinced me that it is hard to speak generally of the new ilk of foresters. Every imaginable trade and condition is represented. One youngster had been comptroller of a Southern state. Another sported an honorable discharge from the Foreign Legion. One lad gave his name as C. P. and swore that he had no other. I filled blanks for farmers, lawyers, school boys, clerks, carpenters, cooks, truck drivers, oil riggers and general loafers. The company of 200 had three college graduates and about twenty high school graduates. Eighteen of the crew signed their names with an X. Educational resources appeared to average somewhere near the sixth grade common school. Somewhere near 40 percent of the crew had never held a job before. But the majority of them were rural, and this fact lifted up the spirits of the company commander.

The captain, who had previously supervised the opening of three forestry camps, pointed out that a very sharp line must be drawn between youths from towns and youths from the country; that as a general rule the country boys work and the city boys don't.

A plump bureaucrat from Washington, with a round whisky face and an almost continuous smile, interrupted to speak of spiritual advantages of the open life, not to mention companionship with the clean and care-free forests.

The captain sighed with considerable zest and testified that he had found truth in the saying; that in his first camp, which was made up principally of New Yorkers, the boys had absorbed the spirit of the hills by the barrelful; that most of the personnel showed the sylvan effects of the dryads, legendary tree spirits who waited perfectly still through all eternity and never did anything. He suggested, too, that Puck, the sylvan mischief-maker, had been getting in a due share of licks, all along the line; that regardless of place or station, he didn't expect any serious injuries from overwork. Then he sighed again as he allowed that keeping discipline in any forest camp is a job that God Himself might well choose to sidestep.

Remembering that the rules and regulations of the Civilian Corps forbids any prejudice of creed or color, I asked the camp commander if he had met up with any race problem. The colonel grinned and pointed toward an enormous gum tree.

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"Leaning against that tree yonder. You'll have to look close and careful. They're both dark."

I saw the problem—one small and very lonesome-looking Negro.

"But I thought the regulations said that Negroes and Indians were to have their proportionate place in the Corps. There are 3,700 trainees in this camp, and nearly half the population hereabout is colored."

The colonel lit a cigarette and blew three perfect rings.

"All right, all right, but this is down South. Trainees are picked by local boards. In other sections, plenty of local boys are taken. But it's different down here. County relief boards recommend white boys, and we've got nothing to do but take them. The army's only hired help, and God alone knows who's boss."

Those were pithy words. The C. C. C. is an infant prodigy in matters of red tape. The Department of Labor, through its state representatives and their county relief boards, is responsible for electing the trainees. The War Department is responsible for enrolling, outfitting and "conditioning" the men in training camps, for transporting them to and from forest camps, and for providing them quarters, food, medical care and leisure-time entertainments—such as games and religious services. The Departments of Agriculture and the Interior choose and locate the prescribed work projects. Robert Fechner is civilian director of all Emergency Conservation work. But specific moves and directings are crowded over with foggy uncertainties.

Speaking generally, it is a saga of not-quite-sure. Nobody is quite sure, in the first place, how long the venture will last. The initial enlistment period was six months, but a six-months' tryout would be a decidedly half-figured experiment. Little could be done beyond thinning timber, clearing fire lanes and building roads, and there could be no possible gage for measuring the efficiency or practical worth of such labors. Actual forestation on any considerable scale would be pretty effectively out of the picture. Late autumn is the season for planting trees. Then planting stock must be raised in forestry nurseries and these nurseries have thus far made no clear step to meet demands. And it would be humanly and botanically impossible for them to raise or gather planting stock during the current year.

It has been decided by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Fechner to continue the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps through the winter. The President has requested that C. C. C. members able to gain employment shall resign in favor of other jobless youths, but the initial administration and strength remains. It is possible that the Corps will function for two or three years.

The C. C. C. has at least three positive developments. It is the first official initiation of a dole system. It is the first American army mobilized for the ostensible purpose of public work. It is a force convertible instantly to an armed soldiery.

Recruiting methods hearken back to the days of "Over There" and kaiser-swatting in several particulars. Nobody is conscripted for forestry service, but the actual enlistment is handled by the army's recruiting service. Quotas from each state are approximately proportionate with population, and each county is assigned a given quota of recruits. Applicants appear at the nearest recruiting office and after preliminary questioning are provided army transportation and escort to the nearest receiving cantonments.

There they stand the regulation army medical examination, and are issued regulation army clothing from quartermaster supplies available. But the clothing bears no ornaments or insignia. Physical requirements are precisely those of army recruits. The foresters are fed army food, cooked wherever possible by army cooks, and governed by the regular ration allotment, which now ranges from $.28 to $.30 a day for each man. Cots, bedding and quarters are all property of the army, and the enlistment oath prescribes that they shall be returned to the army at the close of the enlistment period.

But training camp routine, while definitely military, is not altogether "regulation." The foresters are not issued rifles or any manner of firearms. They are not, under present status, subject to military law. Military titles are painstakingly avoided but the organization is dominantly military.

On arrival at posts, Roosevelt Robin Hoods are organized into companies of about two hundred men, a force sufficient to man a work camp. An officer of the regular army is commander, and the command may be augmented by one or two lieutenants, either of the Regulars or of the Organized Reserves, and it must include at least one officer from the army medical corps. Army cooks, chaplains and enlisted personnel have also been doled out as generously as force allows, to the end of making each company a self-functioning unit. At least one member of state or federal forestry service is likewise attached.

And the company is divided into two sections, each one with a foreman, not a platoon leader; and sections are broken into work crews under directions of bosses, not sergeants. Foremen and bosses are chosen by the company commanders. If elected by vote, the election must be approved by the senior army officer. Just as a rose is a rose, regardless of the name, so is a top-kick a top-kick, regardless of what he is called. And an army is an army, call it what you may.

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My first day of camp life proved forceful backing of that simple truth. Brazen reveille sounded at five-forty-five. Repose was further crucified by uproarious roll calls. Then there was a breakfast with unlimited servings of bacon and eggs, coffee and bread. After that the resounding clumpings of broganed feet. Columns of squads crowded me from the company streets.

A West Pointer second lieutenant greeted me with a crisp salute:

"You are in the army now—and I don't mean Salvation Army."

"I won't say 'Yes 'till I've checked on sick call."

So we went forth to make final verification. It was an easy job. The camp hospital was garnished with lengthy lines of the ailing: 8 percent of the force had malaria; 2 percent measles; 10 percent indigestion. It was the army. We dropped in the post exchange and drank a bottled soda on the strength of it. The West Pointer spoke of broadening experience.

"They call me 'hey,' 'bud,' 'pardner,' 'pal,' and 'snapper.' And I have to take it. Yes, Lord, I have to take it."

Three hours of the day went to infantry drill; another three hours to incidental labor, road work, tent pitching, supply moving and kitchen police. Some of the foresters labored with frenzied zeal, others did nothing at all. The medium members worked occasionally and counted hours. Forty hours is the maximum C. C. C. work-week and thirty hours is the minimum. But six months holds a generous share of hours, a realization which dawns early even upon the most alert and youthful minds.

I watched a truckload of army cots leave the supply shed and disappear among far-stretched fields of canvas tents. The truck returned without cargo, then whirled about and vanished in the direction of starting. In another hour it was back at the supply shed with the identical load of cots which were straightway put back into the shed. I passed along with an old song at my lips—"You're in the army now." Then I watched a major from headquarters stroll into his tent, shed hat and shirt, and slip quietly into bed—"You're not behind the plow."

When day was done, and the usual infiltration of force en route to village drug stores and other dens of the dissolute life, I spent an amiable hour at questioning trainees. My first subject, a baldheaded and powerfully muscled young man made anthem of praise:

"I'm a plasterer by trade, but building has been slow for two or three years and the jobs have been few and far between. Now with my mother and father both sick, the money I'll be able to turn over to them from my C. C. C. check will come in handy. Nearly all the boys are letting the army send $25 out of their $30 a month home to their folks. I'm sending $27 and I've got no kick."

One youth complained bitterly of the food. Another, a lanky and wistful member, spoke convincingly:

"I didn't have any work and hadn't had none for two years, so I decided to join up. The folks over home was saying that the C. C. C. was started to train soldiers. . . . I couldn't see as that made any particular difference."

A very young member, still beardless and puerile of voice, spoke assuringly:

"The C. C. C.'s a mighty sight better than loafing and looking for a job. I live with my grandmother and after I'd quit high school last year I got a job with a telegraph company. But the job ran out before no time, so Grandma and me talked things over and she decided she could get along all right if I joined the C. C. C. and sent her $25 a month out of my pay. That leaves me $5 a month and I think I'll relish being out in the woods."

My next subject condemned the bill of fare; the next condemned his company officers; and the next advised eternal perdition for typhoid vaccination, smallpox vaccination and all manner and grades of medical officers. Having arrived at the conviction that views and notions are varied as the personnel itself, I stopped talking.

Before the first training camp week was finished we were faced with a major quandary. Rumor was out that half the companies had been ordered to the California Rockies. But orders read that no forester can be taken to the high altitude without special issues of overcoats and extra bedding. The quartermaster had sent no overcoats or extra bedding, and God alone knew when he would feel the urge to do so. Therefore the troops would wait.

The colonel swore and ransacked his order files. Distribution of forestry force is a knotty enough problem. Each state has its proportionate share in the total quota of C. C. C. recruits but each state does not have a proportionate share of forest work camps. The East, Midwest and South, with the exceptions of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas, have but limited holdings of public forests. Most of the states have some quota for their two reserves or parks, or for approved erosion control work, but a majority of the entire force for all the nation is directed to national forests, the vast majority of which are centered in the Rockies and Pacific States.

California leads all quotas with a national forest assignment of 166 work camps and 32,000 men, which is more than twice the total for all states east of the Mississippi. Oregon has 65 camps, Washington 42, Colorado 30, Idaho 50, Montana 25, Arizona 28, and Wyoming 22. This

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means that the Civilian Conservation Corps is headed westward, that more than half its personnel waits within fair striking distance of the Pacific—as soon as overcoats and blankets are forthcoming.

But changes in orders and plans are frequent as they are mysterious. My own company was reordered to home territory. After fifteen days of the army posts we boarded a mixed train bound for wilder parts of the Arkansas hills.

We detrained at a county-seat village and set forth into a country of rough hills and tall trees. Walking was nothing to brag about. Roads were badly gutted by spring floods, and occasional bridges were missing. But the columns kept moving, 200 own sons of depression in high spirits and army dungarees.

Twelve rough miles took four rough hours. It was past midnight when we reached the camp site, the rocky and forested slope of a ragged hill. A lone truck, mud splashed and decrepit, waited our arrival. The truck held bedding and axes, twenty hams and six bushels of beans, our *modus operandi.*

The Robin Hoods made beds upon the earth and slept beneath multitudinous dottings of stars. Snatches of song and guffaws offset stray mumblings of profanity. Spirits were more than passably high. The captain thumbed over his memorandum of work: (a) pitch thirty-six regulation tents; (b) raise one log mess hall, one log hospital shed; clean out springs, dig well; clear all roads.

The captain yawned and paid final regards to a hand-made cigarette:

"You know, it strikes me this Corps stands for something. I don't know exactly what. Most of what's been said about it is so much hogwash. Maybe the C. C. C.'s the beginning of a Brown Shirt Army; maybe it's an army game being worked by politicians; might be it's a move toward military concentration in the Far West; maybe it's a smart play to back up our say at the London conference. Nobody appears to know for sure. Anyhow it's a damned interesting show."

VALENCIA—1933

By MARY WAUGH

IN MID-MAY I was down in Valencia where out-of-door religious ceremonies are rare these days, and where they are more likely than in other parts of the country to arouse the visible and very vocal wrath of the anti-clericals.

There I witnessed the most spontaneous, the most overwelling, I could almost say the most joyous, expression of religious fervor that I have seen at any time, at any place—not even excepting Holy Week in Seville and in Cartagena. The occasion was the *fiesta* of the *patrona* of Valencia, when the famous figure of the Virgen de los Desamparados is translated from her own chapel to preside for a day over the high altar of the great cathedral.

That she should be the best loved of all the saints in this widespreading, many domed southern town is easy to understand. In the first place, she is Our Lady of the Helpless (and who is not that?), drawing her name from the fact that she was carved, five hundred years ago, for the great Valencian institution which embraced in its functions, not only the treatment of the ill, the nurture of foundlings, the merciful care of the insane (it was the first for them in Spain), but even the burying of the unfriended dead. In the second, she has in her own right an appealing quality, this little black-haired, slightly leaning woman, with her little black-haired Boy on her arm. She is pitying, but she is somehow also pitiful, carrying about her a feeling of personal sorrow, as though she foresaw even in His infancy the drama which her Son must play to its bitter end. This pinch-faced peasant woman, unpretending yet full of character, pitiful and forever pitying, would be at home in any white-walled, white-domed village church of this southern land. But her very pathos has determined for her another fate. It has made her loved for long by many people. So now she is dressed in rich brocade, a crown is set on her black hair, and jewels to the value of many millions of pesetas adorn her person. She presides over her own chapel which, with its pedimented doorways, its marble insets and its painted dome, suggests vaguely a very elegant parlor of the Renaissance. There she stands all the year, with lighted candles and flowers and kneeling people before her; there she stands except when she is elevated to the tiny *capilla* above on the occasion of a wedding. And that is always happening. For every Valencian maiden feels (humbly and a little pathetically) that she is best married if she makes her vows in this small, high-perched sanctuary, before Our Lady of the Helpless.

The Virgen de los Desamparados has, then, a little palace of her own. But once a year she comes forth. On her feast day, which falls in mid-May, she is carried on the shoulders of men from her own *casa* to the high altar of the adjacent cathedral. But they bring her back again that night. The month is full of summer in Valencia, and it is one of the many months that are full of

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flowers. The round plaza before her door is packed with people, a mass which surges back and forth without direction or restraint from either Church or State authorities. Everyone who can crowds into the place, and everyone pushes as near to the door of the chapel as he can get. For once these impassive people are eager—very old and very young, very large and very small, rich and very poor, they crowd each other to the point of danger. The individual is quite helpless, he must flow with the waves. But these are Spaniards, and even in their most burning moments their patience is eternal.

At half past ten or somewhat later, there issues from the door of the chapel the procession. Now in other days things were otherwise. A picture of the Virgen de los Desamparados made entirely of flowers was hung on the exterior wall. Flowers were piled in incredible profusion before it. Indeed this whole plaza was a court of honor filled with blossoms. The procession itself, with music and richness of vestments and banners, carried a certain magnificence of effect. All Valencia gave itself over to the *fiesta*. Now, under the republic, out-of-door religious manifestations are likely to be much curtailed if they are not altogether forbidden; and it is only the response of the people that makes this occasion notable. By some miracle they are able to push back (not wholly without danger to the aged) to make way for the irregular and often interrupted line—members of the *cofradia,* choir, priests and acolytes—which is moving toward the cathedral. The climax is, of course, the little black-haired, pitying Virgin. Today she is dressed in gold and white brocade, preceded by music, attended by the archbishop. There is incense in the air. As she passes through the doorway women and children on the balcony let fall a rain of flower petals, not a delicate shower, but basketfuls pour down. This is a generous people, and this the best-loved Virgin in a land of flowers. From all over the place rise cries of "Viva la Virgen! Viva la patrona de Valencia!" There are waves of applause, long-drawn cheers. A boy with all the enthusiasm of a college youth at a football game constitutes himself leader. But, in truth, he is not much needed.

The procession is moving from the chapel, but it is not following the narrow lane that has opened toward the cathedral. It is turning away in order that the precious image may be carried quite around the plaza. There are groans and wails of disappointment from those who have thought themselves well placed. But from the other side come cheers, applause, cries of delight. An aged woman at my side raises her thin voice to call, "Viva la patrona de Valencia!" Around the plaza the procession moves uncertainly, through a crowd so dense that with the best will in the world people can scarcely make way for it, down a narrow grey street, flower petals falling on it as it goes, finally passing through the great baroque south portal of the cathedral.

For once all the doors of the vast edifice are open. It is flooded with light and packed with people. And the crowd in the street is eager to add itself to the crowd within. As the procession enters, ripples of applause pass over the patiently waiting congregation. More *vivas*. A voice uplifted in song. Nothing more spontaneous can be imagined. Boys climb agilely up on the bases of pillars; others perch in some scaffolding in the east transept. Emphatically, this is the peoples' feast. The doors of the choir (set, as in all great Spanish churches, in the nave) are wide flung, and they are bearing the Virgin up the central aisle, up the chancel steps, the uneven motion making her seem to bow, and setting her in all her pitying humility on the high altar.

"Viva la patrona de Valencia!" the people cry.

The archbishop takes his place. The Mass begins. There is the movement of white and gold figures before the altar. The nave is hushed. This has become the Church's feast, the people attending.

All through the long, hot hours the faithful come to honor the little Mary on this, her day. The great doors are closed, the grey walled church is dim. And through the shadows black-robed figures move, kneel, prostrate themselves before the Virgin of the Helpless.

In the late afternoon the adjacent streets and plazas are again filled to the limit of their capacity. It is not possible that the crowd is more dense than in the morning, but more people are struggling vainly to surge in. For they are coming to bear the little Virgin, amidst flowers and songs and long-drawn *vivas,* back to her own *casa*.

This is a spontaneous manifestation of religious feeling in the spring of 1933, in the city of Blasco Ibañez, which is the capital of one of the most political minded provinces of Spain.

Out of Some Shining Brightness

Out of some shining brightness was I borne
Not knowing whence nor whither, only this:
Infinite beauty held me, and the bliss
Of wings and faces spread against the morn;
Not such as quaintly once were wont to adorn
Some olden book of hours for a queen's prayer,
With grace of folded hands and floating hair,
With wings of gold, and jewels bravely worn;
But spread against the watches of the sky
A host of faces in a blaze of light
Sang praises without end, yea endless praise,
Shouting and singing, till eternity
Held one vast music of supreme delight,
A hymn of joy remembered all my days.

SISTER MARIS STELLA.

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CANADA'S CATHOLIC POETRY

By SISTER MAURA

THERE is such a thing as Catholic poetry of Canada, surprising though that may be! Canadians themselves hardly realize it. Of course, they have a Catholic poet in Reverend James B. Dollard, whose Rupert Brooke sonnet, so Joyce Kilmer told a Toronto audience, is the best poem written on that "well-beloved of the Muses." But a body of Catholic poetry? Apparently, this has not been thought of.

The first Catholic poem of Canada, and perhaps of the Americas, is fittingly enough, in the Indian tongue. It is a Christmas carol, "Jesous Ahatinhia," written in Huron about 1641 by the martyr Saint Jean de Brébeuf. Mr. Jesse Middleton's recent translation strengthens the distinctive quality of the original.

A Mohawk princess of later days, Tekahionwake, daughter of the Chief of Six Nations—better known as Pauline Johnson—has one prayer poem of a Catholic spirituality. It is "The Brier," written, as has been said, out of a heart-breaking experience in her own life. In it a wounded soul speaks intimately with Our Lord.

Beyond question, Canada's representative Catholic poet is Reverend James B. Dollard, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. Kilmer discovered Father Dollard for the world at large, and the anthologists have remembered him ever since. Chief favorite with them is that very fine ballad of Judgment, "The Soul of Karnaghan Buidhe"; but they relish also such lyrics of Celtic magic as "The Fairy Harpers" and "The Passing of the Sidhe." These have a vowel music that is all their own. But the priest speaks most clearly in poems like the blank verse, "Nocturne," written when Father Dollard was pastor of a lonely country parish and meditated, in the silence of the night, upon Christ lonely in the tabernacle.

Among Catholic laymen, Thomas D'Arcy McGee has written the best religious verse, and more of it than others. McGee is the Lincoln of Canada; a man of vision, a nation-builder, and a victim without blemish on the altar of patriotism. His verse has ease, vigor and vital sincerity; his range of subjects is wide; his spirit always Catholic. "Requiem Aeternam," a threnody for a dear friend, is quite characteristic:

"Mighty our holy Church's will
To shield her parting souls from ill;
Jealous of death, she guards them still—
Miserere, Domine!

"The dearest friend will turn away,
And leave the clay to keep the clay;
Ever and ever she will stay—
Miserere, Domine! . . .

"Friend of my soul, farewell to thee!
Thy truth, thy trust, thy chivalry;
As thine, so may my last end be.
Miserere, Domine!

Just one month after this was written, Canadian cathedrals put on mourning for McGee, and the poignant lines sounded by his own bier.

Then, there is "Evangeline," that pathetic romance of the pleasant land of Acadie. (The name Acadie, be it noted, is Algonquin, not a mistake for Arcadie. It means land of plenty or homeland; and it is found in combination in place names, like Shubenacadie, the region of abundance of ground nuts, ground nut being picturesque Indian for potato.) The suavity which marks "Evangeline" pervades the poetry of French-speaking Canada. Here the outstanding names are, Fréchette, Gérin-Lajoie, Crémazie, Lemay.

Bliss Carman, greatest of the poets Canada has produced, is most Catholic of those who belong only to the soul of the Church. His very titles proclaim it: "The Queen of the Angels." "The Good Priest of Gourin," "The Brothers of Saint Francis," "The Lanterns of Saint Eulalie," "Saint Francis and the Birds," etc. The miracle of Saint Francis's sermon to the birds, which is not an article of faith, Mr. Carman accepted. He said he believed that Saint Francis "addressed these friends, who understood, not his words, but his message."

Marjorie Pickthall often prefers Catholic symbolism. She has interpreted exquisitely the saintliness of the Jesuit martyrs, devotion to the poor souls, and an aspect of Our Lady's goodness not often touched upon, in her lyric to "Mary Shepherdess" who "bids the lost lambs home." Charles G. D. Roberts has one Madonna poem whose stanzas bear the mystery of the Redemption, "When Mary the Mother Kissed the Child."

John Daniel Logan is a true lyrist, equally spiritual whether he tells children about the Little Heavenly Boy Who

"Stole from his Father's throne,
And toddled down the stars, and came
To Bethlehem alone,"

or records a man's sorrow for the death of his best friend, in the beautiful "Singing Silence." Dr. Logan's titles are often special inspirations.

Youth, lyrical here as elsewhere, promises to make Canada "a land of singing birds." The religious achievement of these coming poets can be excellently illustrated by Walter O'Hearn's "Saith the Cyrenian," thirty-three lines of blank verse which are really of the stuff of poetry, remarkable work for a lad in his teens!

The Catholics in Canada have not the solidarity of Catholics in the United States and in Great Britain, perhaps because they are relatively numerous. They do not have to stand together and somewhat apart in the nation; they form very nearly forty percent of the comparatively small population of this magnificent country. They have their own public schools, where religion is a daily class. There are as yet no groups of Catholic writers, and such a subject as Catholic poetry cannot well be treated systematically. The present study merely offers proof that, in the singing harmony which makes glad these earthly courts of the *Coelestis Urbs*, Canada bears a worthy part.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE PERMANENT THINGS

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: How long are you editors of Catholic periodicals going to imitate the popular unpopularity? I always thought that there were three permanently interesting things: religion, philosophy and history. How much space are you allotting to this noble triad of intellectual concourse? Economic jargon has filled your papers to the bulge of a ragman's bale. At best, economics is a proposal so ephemeral that many of its theses die before they live, at least, live long enough to be contemplated; it is a thing so empirical that even its most boisterous adherents scatter exemptions and place provisions, along a deliberate path planned as a safe retreat when the mess becomes chaotic.

The Catholic pen is squandering ink on experiments in Christian Science. It is actually and notoriously recommending Mrs. Eddy's "revealed" rule of tender and trusting existence, to overpower the depression—presumably with sweetness and light. It is unctiously using the religion of big business to fight the methods of big business; it is solemnly canonizing its patron saint in order to exorcise its boldest votary.

If your attack was thrust at monopoly, at power accumulation, at chain banks or chain groceries, or at that most insolent of all anarchies, chained newspapers, one could suffer a sentence or two of this language of Manchester and this sociology of Prussia. However, even then an excess of the stuff would be tedious. But careful reading of your frequent articles on swindling and greed and money tyranny and labor racketeering, points unfortunately to the fearful conviction that you are winking (modestly and unaffectedly perhaps) at a possible and even unavoidable form of slavery, under an amorphous tyrant called a board of directors, with a religion pontificated over by a federal bureau, in which unemployment insurance and old-age pensions would be the sacraments of the dead. For surely, old age, scarcely abolishable (at least without bad taste, the unpardonable sin), would be a grey and dreary sunset in a "philanthropic" institution; and disability would be worse than decapitation.

Molina was grimaced at, avoided and slandered for stressing the divine character and the immortal alertness of the individual soul. The present-day Catholic press seems too timid to even mention the sanctity of the individual's bones. Wake up! The beasts of the jungle are stampeding your chicken-hearted emotions. Get out of the notion that mere size has anything to do with bigness; that sweat-shops must be small shops; that corporations born from spurious parentage (even the certificated) spent their week-ends crying over the lot of their hired help.

Perhaps in the happy days of sabers and gibbets, or riots and riotousness, of royalty and vagabondage, there might have been a comical fellow almost as foolish as I, who shouted for a garden and a cow for every family—but he had a tremendous advantage, because the family was then an institution and the cow had not yet been squeezed into a bottle. But under the despairing and abominable conditions Calvin and the goose-step have bequeathed upon a once Christian world, permit me to yell with a little of your freely spilled ink, for an electric dynamo in every attic, a water pump in every cellar, and a holy self-respect in every breast.

But now, with the omnipotent state doing all things, please change the menu. How about calling up Marco Polo and Kublai Khan, the crusaders and the conquistadores, setting sail again the great Armada, reërecting the indestructible cathedrals, discussing Rabelais and Renan and Abelard and Ambrose, seasoning the intellectual collation with a dash of bitter-sweet Herbert Spencer and bilious Nietzsche? Let's hear about Cromwell and Cobbett, and the stake of Elizabeth in Coligny. Let's attempt to rediscover the lost religion of Israel and the lost cause of the Jacobites. In short, give us food for thought—and not synthetic sandwiches for voracious lunch boxes.

It's a foul fiction surely that Christian curiosity has to seek information in pagan reference works, where it is only imperfectly given.

Please supply the permanent things, the eternal explanations, the saner sidelights on the treacherous exceptions, the proper perspective on the suppositious slants. The Catholic Church is more than temporal; the Catholic paper should at least be more than temporary—I almost said popular.

ARTHUR J. CONWAY.

BACK NUMBERS

Ottawa, Canada.

TO the Editor: Mr. J. T. Slattery hopes that the example of "Octogenarian" will stimulate other Catholics to transmit their files of Catholic journals to posterity, "instead of thoughtlessly and selfishly consigning them to a wastebasket."

With so many in need of Catholic literature who are without the means of obtaining it, to consign Catholic periodicals to a wastebasket would be a crime indeed. But why wait several years, or even one year, before passing them on to others? There must surely be, in the United States, some remailing agency from whom addresses for the purpose may be obtained. In Canada the Catholic Truth Society, 67 Bond Street, Toronto, has an inexhaustible supply.

Or the periodicals may be sent to the American Jesuits of Patna Mission, India, who remail them to Mohammedan and Hindu universities, and public libraries, and to the editors of native papers and magazines. Strange as it may seem, the periodicals sent are warmly welcomed by the recipients, as witness the letters of thanks that the Fathers receive, and the facts that the periodicals are placed in the reading-rooms of the libraries and, where sent regularly, are often bound and placed on the shelves and that articles from them are frequently reproduced or commented upon in the native press.

In this way, information about the Catholic Church is spread and prejudices are lessened or removed and the

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way thus prepared for the spiritual harvest to come. The trouble is that the Fathers have publications available for only a fraction of those to whom they desire to send them. While all Catholic periodicals will be welcomed, the Fathers ask in particular for copies of THE COMMONWEAL, *America* and the *Catholic World*. Publications may be sent to Reverend Paul Dent, S.J., St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D. and H. Ry., India.

W. L. SCOTT.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: May I express my profound sympathy with the article of Mary R. Walsh, "Thoughts in a Library"? Many Catholic mothers desire ardently to rear their children in the rich traditions of the Church, but where are we to find enough books to satisfy their voracious capacity for reading, and at the same time to nourish and sustain their Catholic ideals? The average artificial, foolishly sentimental, goody-goody, milk-and-water type of Catholic book recommended to us for our children is as Miss Walsh so clearly describes it, an insult alike to the intelligence of a vigorously thinking Catholic child and to the splendid and inspiring traditions of Catholicity.

More power to Miss Walsh for her courage in expressing what many of us think about most Catholic books for children, and for her evident determination to better the situation and to find books worthy of our Catholic children and our Catholic idealism. Let us have lists and more lists, systematized guidance instead of the occasional pat on the head.

I, for one, shall await the results of her search with all imaginable eagerness.

ESTELLE M. REILLY.

INDICTMENT

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor: The article "Indictment" by Stuart D. Goulding in the September 1 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, lamenting the lack of coöperation from a newspaper standpoint by the Catholic parishes, is timely and apparent to those in newspaper work.

To meet the need explained in this article, it would seem possible that in every parish someone could de delegated to handle publicity so to speak, whether it be the pastor, a curate or a layman. Socials, meetings, events, could be sent in regularly to the society or city editors of the local papers where they would be welcomed. In addition, particular sermons of worth would be welcomed by the editors of Monday morning sheets. Surely news of real Catholic interest should find its rightful place in the secular press.

JOHN MEREDITH.

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BOOKS

Our Spiritual Heritage

The Book of Christian Classics; edited with an Introduction by Michael Williams. New York: Liveright. $2.00.

SINCE the World War, books on hagiography, mysticism, devotion and piety have been pouring from the press of all countries in unprecedented volume. There is, apparently, no department of religious literature that makes a stronger appeal to present-day readers than works dealing with individual religious experience. The reason for this quickened interest in things of the soul is not any newly awakened desire on the part of large numbers of people to seek the path of renunciation or to enter on the way to perfection. The interest is not confined to Catholics for whom the lives and writings of the saints still fulfil their main function of spiritual edification and consolation. There is an increasing demand for such works on the part of large numbers of Protestants, whose desire for this class of literature arises from the belief that all religion is merely a matter of personal experience, and whose main religious tenet is that experiential religion has superseded the religions of authority. There is another large and growing class whose concern with devotional and mystical literature is merely scientific. Since William James wrote his "Varieties of Religious Experience," a whole school of specialists has grown up who devote their entire energies to the investigation of the phenomena, especially the psychological phenomena, of religion. It is a difficult subject, difficult on its historical as well as on its philosophical side. It is a subject which has innumerable ramifications into many sciences, and even such a trained investigator as Dom Butler did not hesitate to admit the almost insurmountable character of its problems.

The material and technological progress of our industrialized civilization has not crushed but rather intensified the need for spiritual peace, and it was a happy thought which inspired the author to make these masterpieces of Christian spirituality available to a larger circle of readers. The work is divided into four sections, entitled respectively, "Spiritual Autobiography," "Spiritual Counsel," "English Mysticism and Divinity," "English Religious Poetry." The selections illustrating these various phases of religious life and experience are generally well chosen. In the first section the selections range all the way from Tertullian's "Testimony of the Soul" to the autobiography of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, and include the Ninth Book of Saint Augustine's "Confessions," selections from the "Little Flowers of Saint Francis" and from the writings of Blessed Juliana of Norwich, Saint Teresa of Avila, Brother Lawrence, and Dante Alighieri. The second section contains extracts from the "Imitation of Christ," from the writings of Lorenzo Scupoli, Saint Francis de Sales, the Blessed John Ruysbroeck, Blaise Pascal, and from "The Cloud of Unknowing." In the third section there are selections and extracts from the writings of English divines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and portions of Newman's "Apologia" and Coventry Patmore's "Knowledge and Science." The selections under the head of "English Religious Poetry" are, as the author says, only a very few of what could have been offered. They represent the thought of Spenser, John Donne, Edward Benlowes, Richard Crashaw, George Herbert, Newman, and Francis Thompson.

The special value of a collection such as this, compared with works of a more technical character, is that it represents the individual preference of an author whose own religious experience places him in a position to form an accurate estimate of what will be most helpful to others who are seeking the way of interior peace. The title of the book is well chosen. Most of the selections it contains may be truly considered worthy of a place among the classics of Christian spirituality. It was a wise thought to include so much of the religious poetry in which English literature is so rich. The publication is timely and opportune, for, as the author says in his Introduction, there are in the present generation many who "seek amid the chaos of modernity the star that will lead them at once to ecstasy and to order—the ecstasy of the experience of reality in spiritual life, and the order of reason in their intellectual and social interests."

PATRICK J. HEALY.

The Champion of Order

Metternich, by Algernon Cecil. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

IT is becoming more and more evident that during the last few years there has been in process a radical revaluing of the angels and devils of European nineteenth-century Liberalism, and now in Mr. Cecil's brilliant study of perhaps the chief devil of them all we have a most significant contribution to modern biography. From Mr. Cecil's pages Metternich emerges, certainly without even rudimentary horns and tail, and with something suspiciously like a pair of sprouting wings. In fact the great Austrian diplomat emerges the idol of the author, a true champion of Tory ideals, and the most far-sighted statesman of the century.

In arriving at a just estimate of the book it would be well to take into consideration Mr. Cecil's dedication to his wife which runs: "The Offering of a Reviving Tory to a Surviving Whig." Mr. Cecil, being a Cecil, is a Tory and has small belief in the virtues of democracy, and he has set himself *con amore* to his study of Metternich, his work, and his beliefs. It is probable in his enthusiasm for the man's ultimate meaning that he has skimmed over, with scarcely a suggestion of what they were, the darker portions of Metternich's diplomacy. Though Metternich himself was far from a cruel man, when men were to be used or to be crushed they became to him but pawns, and horrible things happened in the prisons of Italy and Germany. There is scarcely a suggestion of these things in Mr. Cecil's pages, and even the dubious love affairs of his hero are only spoken of in passing. Yet with all its omissions "Metternich" is an able, a significant, book.

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Without the war and its disillusions such a book as Mr. Cecil's would have received small attention in English-speaking lands. It would have been dismissed as the lamentings of a crank or a moss-back, as it probably would have sounded had it been written before 1918. But written in 1933 there is in it a distinct ring of triumph, and there is reason for it. Metternich, for all his conservatism, was no blind reactionary. He was no believer in the divine right of monarchy, and he was certainly an opponent of wild nationalism. It is not difficult to imagine what he would think of Hitler; and had Franz Josef taken the advice he gave him in 1851, his monarchy would probably have existed today and the war, even had it come, would have been a much more limited thing.

Metternich worshiped order. His supreme desire was to keep the peace of Europe, as only in peace is order possible. Though a German he was an upholder of the Latin ideal of balance, and it is significant that starting as a free-thinker he came to be a firm Catholic. That he saw the Church as the only possible unifier would be too much to say, but he was certainly rapidly verging to that belief.

His sanity as a statesman was shown again and again, and never more so than after the fall of Napoleon, a fall which he himself had largely helped to accomplish, when he prevented France from being dismembered of Alsace-Lorraine. A realist, he mistrusted abstract ideas, including that of the innate good of democracy. He fought for monarchy because at the time he felt it was the most powerful instrument for order, but he never believed in it for itself. Democracy and nationalism he felt made for revolution and war; they upset the world's equilibrium and thereby threatened civilized life. Such a belief was of course anathema to the Liberal thinkers who controlled opinion up to the Peace of Versailles, and the result was that Metternich was made a symbol for all that was politically wicked. Mr. Cecil is to be praised for showing a more veritable Metternich. His is a brilliant and much needed book.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

A Gallery of Presidents

The People's Choice, by Herbert Agar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

ACCORDING to Mr. Agar, in his exciting and fascinating book, six out of the first seven Presidents were men of great ability, but of all that followed the seventh (Jackson) only four are above the common average. We have had thirty-two Presidents, but he rightly concludes with Harding, the twenty-ninth, because, he says, "a shocking tale loses force if told too often."

He gives as the reason for so few great Presidents the three successive forms of government we have had.

The first was an oligarchy, in which a handful of men chose the Presidents without consulting the people. These were "men of stature even by world standards," for the makers of the Constitution purposed to prevent all demo-

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cratic or popular interference with government carried on by the few wiser minds; and they picked the first six Presidents with care and thought, always seeking the best.

This lasted forty years (1789-1829). The system was overthrown by democracy when Jackson was elected. The democratic mode was the result of the admission of Western states and was forced on the country by them. Jackson took orders from nobody, but he was a man, says Mr. Agar, with "no public record, no positive program, and no knowledge." The politicians took the hint, and "in the future that was to be the norm for American Presidents—with the added requirement of no strength of will, so that they would do as they were told, as Jackson never did."

The third form of government was and is plutocracy; by which Mr. Agar means that by the close of the Civil War big business became and remained the foundation of government. He gives credit to Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson for trying to liberalize conditions, but holds their efforts to be fruitless because they never grasped the central fact. Henry Adams, writing when Grant was President, said that all our statesmen could henceforth do was to "piece out, to patch, or in vulgar language to tinker, the political machine as often as it broke down"; and this prediction Mr. Agar holds to have been invariably verified ever since.

Jefferson, whom Mr. Agar considers a muddle-minded man, was sanguine about government by a rural society, and thought laboring men "the panders of vice and the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned." Hamilton wanted government by capitalists, but John Adams distrusted the rich as well as the poor, deeming each class to be equally greedy and tyrannous if in power, and planning to curb both. Mr. Agar is disposed to think that toward the end of his life Lincoln did grasp the real situation, or at least foresee the future, but let little except hints of his forebodings escape him.

Government for the common good, Mr. Agar says, can "only be imposed in two ways: in the name of religion or in the name of the state. But no country decays into plutocracy until its religious faith is waning." Elsewhere he says: "The United states is a Protestant country, founded at the end of the eighteenth century when Protestantism was already losing its effective force and breaking into groups for the furtherance of moral uplift or of humanitarianism. The country has known many churches, but no Church. Never has the steady triumph of big business, with all its moral and social implications, been threatened by the rival claims of a Christian way of life."

Dismissing, therefore, the potency of religion to arrest the progress toward a dictatorship, he turns to government for the common good "in the name of the state," with the understanding that it shall be a state "whose will has moral worth and whose rulers compel obedience even at the cost of obliterating the individual." In the general breakdown he sees Communism as ready to play

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the dictatorship part, and asks, "Have conservatives anything to offer?" for, he says, "The time is coming when no man can be so shameless as to defend the present system." And "it is time for a decisive movement to the Right or to the Left."

Whatever may be said of Mr. Agar's speculations, he is wholly correct in every page of the historical part; and, he says, this remarkable book is a history of the United States from the White House focus.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Cause of Cooks

Kitchen Prelude, by Pierre Hamp; translated by Dorothy Bolton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

DISTINCTLY misleading and prejudicial to the enjoyment of the average male reader, with a trained alertness for keeping out of kitchens, is the title of Pierre Hamp's book in translation. Notwithstanding, "Kitchen Prelude" is a man's book, just as cooking—in the French conception—is a man's job. (Not that any of us, after reading these interesting but unembroidered reminiscenses, is apt to embark upon a career of cookery.)

"Kitchen Prelude" is an autobiography, and one has the feeling, as is not inevitably the case with autobiographies, that it has actually been lived. It is not a particularly pleasant story, but it is an intensely human one and uncommonly well told. Whatever may have been the author's qualifications as a chef, he has the artist's insight and a manner which the frequent smudginess of the translation fails to obliterate.

Startling and sometimes dismaying to the layman are the revelations M. Hamp makes concerning his former profession. Though the world in ignorance may disparage cooks as a class, among themselves these latter possess a hierarchy which the ordinary mortal may well revere. "The proof of the cook is in the pudding," to paraphrase the old saw, and the road to success in this ancient and misunderstood craft is no primrose path. Witness to this are the scenes in the story having to do with the author's apprentice years in Paris, years of appalling drudgery and hardship. There is a feeling here evocative of Zola. Yet the mines in "Germinal" are little more than shadowy props compared with the fiery cavern beneath the bakeshop where M. Hamp served as a boy with other underfed and sweating Troglodytes.

"Kitchen Prelude" is the life of a cook, not a dissertation on gastronomy. Its author seems to have more than the proverbial cook's feeling about the futility of food. In the matter of French pastry he is ruthless. Surely no one recalling the kitchen of the Pâtisserie Laborde can ever again savor a *baba au rhum*, that culminating delicacy of every proper French feast. Yet if M. Hamp emerges from his pages a bitter and disillusioned man, his thesis is established. Well might his book have been entitled "Cooks Are Human After All." No reader who bears with him to the end, a task requiring only the most pleasurable effort, will fail to concede his point.

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Sermons for Special Occasions, by Rev. Thomas P. Phelan, M. A., Litt. D., LL. D. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.50.

THIS book was issued, according to the publishers' notice, to aid the busy pastor who is called upon for a sermon outside the usual course and style of preaching. It contains sermons written for the principal events in the life of a priest, or a religious, and in the history of a church, of a parish, of a school. Discourses appropriate for gatherings of the Knights of Columbus, and the Holy Name Society, as well as for patriotic celebrations, are also included. The sermons are literary in style, and abound in historical, scriptural, liturgical and poetical allusions. These are helpful, but it is to be feared that some of them would escape an audience less select that those for which they were originally prepared. The typical plan consists of an ample elaboration of the historical aspects of the subject, and a brief but pointed application to the particular occasion. A somewhat fuller development of the practical lesson would perhaps make these addresses more suitable for the majority of audiences. As they stand, however, they are a monument to thirty years of scholarly preparation, and a gage of the author's popularity as a preacher on high occasions.

Points East, Narratives of New England, by Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

RACHEL FIELD is famous for her juvenile "Hitty, Her First Hundred Years," which won the Newbery Medal, and for her more recent "Calico Bush." In both these she showed an almost unequaled ability to transmit in prose the distinctive flavor of New England. In these New England narrative poems entitled "Points East," the feat is accomplished again. The stories are folk legends of the supernatural, suggested with Walter de la Mare's delicacy and subtle air of unreality. But the people are real, the conversation as real as Masefield's, the scene as vivid as Frost's. Despite comparisons, despite possible influences, Rachel Field has written a book of narrative poems that are original, charming and alive.

CONTRIBUTORS

OLIVER MCKEE, JR., is with the Washington Bureau of the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON contributes articles to current periodicals.

MARY WAUGH sends this article from Spain.

SISTER MARIS STELLA is a member of the English department in St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minn.

SISTER MAURA is a member of the faculty of Mt. St. Vincent College, Halifax, and the author of several books, among them "Via Vitae" and "Shakespeare's Catholicism."

REV. PATRICK J. HEALY is the dean of the faculty of theology in the Catholic University of America. He is the author of "The Valerian Persecution" and "Historical Christianity and the Social Question."

GRENVILLE VERNON, author of "The Image in the Path," is a publisher and a critic of literature and music.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for New York journals. His latest book is "Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents."

FRANK WOLLENCOTT BARNES is a lecturer at the Sorbonne, Paris.

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